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them from the fury of the approaching simoon, the sickly, lurid glare of the sun, are all given to the life, and entitle Mr. Rosenberg to a high place among American painters. This is the gentleman's most important work, and is far in advance of any of his previous efforts—there is a greater freedom and breadth of coloring running throughout the whole picture than I have yet seen from his brush—and the entire work gives good promise of future excellence. Taken altogether, not alone for its brilliancy of execution, but for the uniqueness of the subject, this is, without a doubt, the gem of the collection.

Next, in point of excellence, to the "Sand Storm" is Gignoux's "Alpine Scenery"—one of those strong, vivid landscapes in which Mr. Gignoux delights, and, than whom, few painters are better able to represent—there is a tone of sunlight and transparency throughout the entire work that is perfectly delicious.

"Envy," by L. Hiddeman, is a happily conceived picture of publican life, painted with all the careful delicacy of the German School.

"The Gamesters" is another work of the same school by E. M. Welb, and is brim full of character.

"The Happy Dream," by P. Huntington, is a delightful little cabinet picture, full of sweet, rich color, and moreover one of the most charmingly conceived works that we have had from Mr. Huntington's brush for many a day.

"The Distinguished Guest," by J. B. Irving, contains some excellent drapery painting, while the whole idea of the picture is well carried out. The dignified, self-conceited air of the guest, and the cringing obsequiousness of the lackey, are admirably depicted.

"Hay Making," by R. W. Hubbard, is a sweetly sunny picture, breathing the pure air of the country from every inch of the canvass.

But oh, what a very black sheep crept in among the flock when Cropsey's "American Autumn" was hung on the walls of the "Crosby Opera House Art Association"! Some few years back Mr. Cropsey ranked high among American painters; but latterly he has been retrograding sadly, and all through his fear of color. Now here is a picture in which the greatest chances are offered for rich, brilliant coloring, and what has Mr. Cropsey given us? A tame, weak picture that might have been painted by the merest tyro—good enough in drawing and composition, but utterly failing in the glowing color and rich atmospheric effect for which our American Autumns are so celebrated. It is hard to speak thus of a painter of so good repute as Mr. Cropsey; it is done in no spirit of caviling, however, but rather with the hope that he may be brought to see his, at present, great fault and remedy it. Mr. Cropsey is capable of doing much better things, and it is sad to see him wasting time and energy on such indifferent pictures as the "American Autumn" and other works which he has lately given us.

There is an exhibition, at Schaus' Gallery, a new picture by T. Buchanan Read, the "poet artist," entitled "Love's Beacon," which, for richness of coloring and poetic sentiment, is worthy of great praise. It is the old story of Hero and Leander, and the moment of action is the fatal night on which the luckless Leander, while swimming the Hellespont to meet his lady love, meets, instead, with a very wet death. Hero is standing on the shore, while, above her, Cupid, the "naughty little boy," is holding the "beacon of love." The effect of light, from the

torch, falling on the two figures is beautifully rendered, while the figures themselves are exquisitely painted. There are a few little faults in drawing here and there, but they are not of sufficient consequence to detract from the general excellence of the picture, which is one of those attractive works of art which one longs to linger over, taking in its many beauties and subtle sentiment.

There is also on exhibition at Schaus' a fine bust, in marble, by Cordier,—"La Bella Trasteverina"—a noble, Juno-like maiden, who looks "every inch a Roman." The haughty, imperious face, the determined expression of the mouth, and the dignified, defiant toss of the head are all admirably rendered. Mr. Cordier has also succeeded wonderfully in giving the texture of the skin a natural, life like appearance; this is the great stumbling block with most sculptors, but Mr. Cordier has successfully surmounted the obstacle, and the consequence is a magnificent bust.

Save at and during the exhibition of the National Academy, the general public hear or see very little of the works of our painters, and it is a good thing for art and artists that the fruit of their labors should be more generally known. With this object in view, I propose, during the ensuing week, to visit the different studios and report on the summer labors of their occupants.

PALETTA.

#### LITERARY MATTERS.

"WHO BREAKS PAYS" is the title of a charming novel just published by Messrs. Leybold & Holt, and is a very readable and enjoyable book. It is the story of a coquettish maiden who after breaking many hearts is eventually shot by an accidental discharge of firearms. The style is fresh and vigorous and at times exceedingly piquant, while the dainty get up of the book reflects great credit on its enterprising publishers.

"SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN," by F. B. CARPENTER. Published by Messrs. HURD & HOUGHTON.

Mr. Carpenter is a New York artist who will be remembered as having painted a portrait of the late President submitting the celebrated Emancipation Proclamation to the Cabinet. Mr. Carpenter spent six weeks at the White House, a room having been fitted up in which he received his distinguished sitters. Being of an enthusiastic temperament, and fully sympathising with Mr. Lincoln's anti-slavery policy, he became ambitious not only to present the President on canvass, but to hand him down to posterity in book form. With this object in view he has written and published "Six Months in the White House," which is little more nor less than a collection of the stories, puns and witty sayings of the lamented chief magistrate. As a collection of the quaint oddities of a great but peculiar man, the book is valuable, but further than this little can be said in its praise.

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton will publish on the 1st of January the initial number of the "RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE," a new monthly for the little folks. Hows has designed for it a beautiful and brilliant cover to be printed in colors, and the literary and art matter promises to be everything that can be desired.

"OUR YOUNG FOLKS" for October, is published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, and contains the usual amount of entertaining and instructive matter for the young, besides some excellent

drawings by Harrison Weir, Hopper, and other well-known artists.

#### SUMMER DAYS AND DREAMS.

Where are you, oh my summer days, that were so sweet, that faded into such a glory of dreams? The last red leaves are falling on the dear far-off hills, and I have left the last landmark in my homeward journey far behind. As long as I could see upon the horizon one billowy swell of blue, I knew that they were there, and my heart was at home—but dimmer and farther they paled away, and were gone, and the autumn sky was strange and lonely, with no mountain crests to bound its world of blue. The warm sun shines into my city room,—the same that slanted into the tiny chamber under the eaves,—and I love it, because it shines too on the big rounding Dome, and on the long Alandor chain, and on Sunset Hill, that seems so lonely in my fancy, since we have gone. Only this golden sunshine is the same, when the wide glory of the sky is closed away by roofs and spires; and its dazzling spreads around me like a spell, and draws me back into my dear land of Beulah, into my mountain nest, my home, am sitting again under the two old maples by the roadside, and the leaves, all brown and golden and scarlet, drift and eddy around me, and waver softly downward on the warm still air. The brown sheaves are piled in the cornfield close at hand, and that ploughed hillside is green with springing wheat. Far and dreamy comes the calling of the crows, and about the old stone fence, the little ground squirrels slip in and out, and watch me with their bright eyes. On the soft October air comes a waft of summer sweetness, and the summer dreams and fancies wander back again, and ask for one more look, one smile, one sigh, before they fade away and are forgotten.

Then the shadowy faces that looked into my summer world, pass by me with the light wind, and the falling leaves. How many they are!—Some half forgotten,—some that claim a smile, and some a sneer; two or three to cherish in dreams and in wakings; that live in my winters and summers alike. This merry, mocking vision, that comes in a puff of blue Indian incense, is the first of the long train; and for an instant two wavy bright eyes hold mine with a strange glitter, before they fade away into the mist forever. And the grey-eyed, laughing Mephistopheles goes back into the shades—a phantom like the rest—and only the fragrant smoke wreathes from his pipe linger on the sunshine.

Who is this with the clear, chiselled face, under the shadow of the grey sombrero? He sang "Juniata" in the moonlight nights, and broke our hearts with the passion in "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true." With him, comes Marguerite, with the brown eyes and the sunny hair; and in the same vanishing mist, bend Catharine's blushes, between her raven ringlets. They pass with a dying strain of music, and look into my dreams no more.

A wild face flashes over the rest, and is gone; a gleam of passion, fierce and reckless, glances on me from the strange eyes, whose blue holds a shade of purple, deep as an Alpine violet. It comes and goes like the lurid flash over a blackening cloud, and leaves a strange hush behind it, and a trouble in the air, like the first dim mutterings of a tropic storm. The strange face passes through my dream in a wild whirl, and the air

seems clearer, and the sunshine freer, when it is gone.

The red leaves drift and float, and waft away on a wandering breeze, and pile in the windings of the long sunny road; but they give back no rustle to the tread of feet that pass down the old remembered way. Who is this shade that stalks tall and spectral through my fancy—who goes so silently, and never bends one glance aside, as he passes under the maple trees? The sunshine and the bright October day are gone, and blue midnight wraps the world. The stars stand in their white clustered ranks, keeping watch above the lonely hills; the broad full moon shines down into the valley, and fills it with light, like a cup, to the very rim of the encircling mountain chain. One star lies softly on the brow of the black Dome, and the Pleides are tangled in the dark maple boughs, as I walk with Bessie down the long white road, and the tall dark shadow is at our side. The red light of his pipe burns up a moment, and shows me the clear sharp lines of the pale face, its solemn strength and sweetness, and the deep blue silence of the eyes that look so far away. If he speaks, I do not hear it—he is always a shadow, silent and unapproachable, and is always passing away, with his serene face white and calm, and never looks aside. He lingers longest of all the shadows that have faded—but he too is gone at last, and I stretch out no recalling hand.

Two shades come hand in hand, and look at me with the same dark eyes, earnest and deep. The others vanish with the breath of the South wind, but they stay by my side, faithful through fancies and realities; and are of my world, whether the green leaves rustle in the sun, or the snow lies on these hills. They sit beside me under the maples and watch the shadows of our summer glide away—Bessie with her grave brown eyes, and he, "the beloved," as his old Hebrew name has it, not in vain. The strange dream-pictures flash and waver; old faces and young; Nellie's black eyes, with their wild gleam of tawny gold, going side by side with Elaine's fair baby-face, and her curls, woven of the July sunshine. Even one ominous black straw hat starts from the realm of shades, and at the voice that issues from its depths, the train of shadows vanishes. Our minstrels, our artists, and our solitary critic, have passed away—pass with them, priestess of the sciences, and trouble my dreams no more!

Have they gone, all my cherished shadows? the summer has faded with them, and the brown autumn brings its memories with the falling, drifting leaves. Sweet memories of rest and calm, of happiness and peace, under the golden noondays, and the rosy dying sunsets, and the silver silence of midnight stars; memories tender and bright; of beauty and harmony, that, once known, are mine forever, and cannot be taken away.

And so farewell, my dreams in the long sweet summer—my days too bright to keep! I have seen the last, and I have come back to life and reality; with a sigh, and a smile that is sadder than a tear, for some of the shadows that I have watched pass by.

#### MINETTE.

Julian Romea is appointed director of Madrid's musical conservatory, and Barbieri, a composer there, lately received from that city's artillery's garrison corps, an elegant baton, made of precious stuff, to recompense his aid in their musical solemnity to honor their patron Saint.

#### BELLINI.

BY ARTHUR POUGIN.

Translated from the French by MARGARET CECILIA CLEVELAND.

#### III.

Behold Bellini at Naples, and notwithstanding the real sorrow which he felt in being separated from his family for an indefinite time, the thought of fulfilling his vows, comforted him. Before his departure he had received from divers persons in Catena, recommendations to the Duke de Noja, Governor of the Conservatoire of San Sebastians (also called San Pietro a Majella), of which the great artist called Nicholas Zingarelli was the effective director. But his talent was his best recommendation, and at the end of a brilliant examination, he was received into this celebrated establishment.

When Bellini entered the Conservatoire, Mercadante had scarcely left it, and had preluded to his future dramatic success by the composition of several cantatas, executed at San Carlos. His only school-fellows then, (if we except M. Carlo Conti, a distinguished musician, and the brothers Luigi and Frederico Ricci, the authors, so happily inspired of *Crispino e la Comare*), were some young artists who have never emerged from obscurity, such as Anselmo Dezio, Gianni, Tonetti, Perugini, Marras, and others.

At first his studies progressed without showing any special or determined vocation; he studied vocal music, and instrumental, without drawing any particular attention upon himself, and without elevating, as might have been expected, his personality from the mass of the young pupils at the Conservatoire. It is only from the moment that he attempted composition that his first success is dated. He passed two years under the direction of Tritto, who made him go through a complete course of counterpoint, after which he passed into the class of Zingarelli.

From this time, he worked with veritable ardor. Already, at the close of a *concours*, he found himself accorded the title of *maestrino*, a dignity reserved for the most studious pupils of the Conservatoire, and which corresponds to what we call in France *répétiteur*; those who are honored with it, give three times a week a lesson to those less advanced than themselves. A little later, he was promoted to the rank of *primo maestrino*, a situation purely honorary, which consists in overlooking the studies of the scholars, the lessons given by the simple *maestrino*, and to exercise over all a kind of moral, familiar, and affectionate authority.

For the rest, by the effect of his frank nature, expansive and ultra-sensitive, by the gentleness and amenity of his character, by the exquisite distinction of his manners, Bellini drew upon himself the affection, esteem, and sympathy of all; professors and pupils felt themselves drawn towards him; and Zingarelli, at this time almost seventy years old, expressed for the young *maestrino*, a tenderness quasi-paternal. The latest information gathered upon this matter by the lawyer Cicconetti authorizes us to affirm that there was absolutely no foundation for the pretended severity exercised by Zingarelli upon Bellini, and that on the contrary he always treated him in a manner like a son.

One must believe, however, that, either the genius of Bellini, plunged and almost lost in reveries

and contemplation, remained restive to the instructions that he received, or that the standard of learning, at present so low, had begun to decline considerably at that time in the Conservatoire, for Bellini was never a learned musician—far from that! although in addition to the lessons of Tritto and Zingarelli, he had also studied counterpoint with Raimondi and Carlo Conti. His best study would certainly have been the one which he undertook, in imitation of Rossini, and which consisted in putting in score the quartettes of Hayden and Mozart, a truly laborious work, if we only consider the purely mechanical part, but which gives to the attentive scholar an opportunity of observing the beauties of style and composition, and the admirable accuracy of the great masters. Unfortunately Bellini had not the courage to accomplish the task he had imposed upon himself, and abandoned it when scarcely commenced. In reality that which constituted the best part of his musical education was the reading of the works of Hayden and Mozart, of Durante and Jomelli, above all those of Pergolese, for which he unreservedly expressed his admiration, and with whom his heart sympathized completely.

Nevertheless he composed considerably; and already sent to his family several essays, among which was a mass that was executed at Catena in the church of *St. Francois d'Assise*, on the occasion of the fête of the Emperor of Austria. Soon after he composed several pieces of instrumental music, as many as fifteen overtures or symphonies (!) three masses à grand orchestre, a *Dixit Dominus*, a *Tantum ergo*, a *Magnificat*, litanies, etc.

De La Fage, that erudite and competent critic, has taken the pains to examine some of Bellini's orchestral pieces; here is what he says in the notice which he has written of the composer; all who have doubted the ability of Bellini, in orchestration and instrumentation, will easily believe his word:

"I have had the opportunity to examine two or three of these pieces: they are not even of a passable mediocrity. Everything favors the belief that Bellini was aware that this style did not suit him; for, in many of his operas, he has put himself quite at his ease in this respect by entirely dispensing with any thing like an *overture*. He had an excuse for this proceeding, certainly convenient, in the indulgence of the public, which did not exact it of him, and the unfortunate attempt in the *overture* to *Norma*, where he presents the spectacle of a feeble child consuming itself in futile efforts to reach a point, which, placed beyond its reach, seems to recede each time that the child approaches it."

To be continued.

#### MUSICAL GOSSIP.

*La France Musicale* gives an elaborate description of a new theatre at Florence, called "Il Teatro Rossini" which is also styled "Royal" to give it eclat with Victor Emanuel's court followers, by performance of "La Cenerentola" and "Il Diavolo Zeppo" for ballet sauce or desert. Urania Feriale a very beautiful person, gave Cinderella personal, vocal, and dramatic attraction notwithstanding she then appeared in opera for the first time. Her great success there and splendid contralto voice encourage great hopes for a still more brilliant future, in grand tragic roles many thousand times more difficult. The rondo finale gained her immense honors.

A worthy successor to Gardoni and Giuglini